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religion ; nor ought they, I humbly conceive, to be deferred to so late and limited a period as they at present occupy.

But I have got into a wide field of observation, and were I to venture to expatiate more largely, should extend these remarks beyond all due bounds. There are several other topics to which I had designed to advert. These must suffice for the present. The principle of *reform*—the ruling passion of the day—will doubtless be applied, ere long, to our collegiate institutions. If those in whose hands is lodged the power of remedying evils and supplying deficiencies were themselves to begin the process of improvement, it might secure them from the interference of ruder and more unskilful operators. Our Universities might give the direction to public opinion, instead of being passively carried down its current. They would thus become barriers against wanton and unnecessary innovation ; and, in the midst of fearful and widely-sweeping changes, would rear their heads as bulwarks, behind which learning and religion, with all the institutions that uphold them, might find a secure and inviolable shelter.

Your's, Mr. Editor,

INDAGATOR.

IRISH LEGENDS.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

FROM "A DAY AT THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY," BY M. A. A.

In days of old, as legends sing,
When famous Fin Mac Cool was king,
He fell in love (as who has not
One time or other?) with a Scot,
A maiden fair, as fair might be—
Why roll between, oh, cruel sea!
To separate the hearts that would
Have beat together—if they could?
And often Fin Mac Cool would go
Across the sea—blow high, blow low;
And many a pleasant sail he had
In summer—but when winter sad
Set in, with storms and tempests, he
Could tempt no more the raging sea;
And often, in his lonely home,
The thoughts of his loved maid would come
Across his solitary hour,
With sadly-soft persuasive pow'r,
And he almost bewail'd the lot
That made him Irish, and not Scot.
But such a wish not long could rest
In any patriotic breast:
Though love had made a deep incision,
Yet Fin Mac Cool was true Milesian,
And deem'd each chief of Scottish clan
Inferior to an Irishman.
And then again his thoughts would rove
Back to the maiden of his love,
And he would sigh to think that she,
Perhaps, sat by the billowy sea,

Straining her eyes, but all in vain,
To see her love come o'er the main;
And then he'd blame the Fates' decree,
That placed between their homes the sea.

"I wish," he cried, in wild emotion,
There was a way across the ocean,
That we, despite of wind and weather,
Might sit and chat an hour together."
And, as he spoke, he left his home,
Along the rocky shore to roam;
And, as he gazed on Scotia's land,
Cliff after cliff with heedless hand
He threw into the sea, as boys
Throw stones for sake of splash and noise;
And as he watch'd the edying motion
Caused by the rocks, the sudden notion
Came o'er his warm and ardent brain.
To build a CAUSEWAY o'er the main.

Next morning, with the dawn of day,
He hasten'd to commence his way;
And rapidly the work proceeded,
Labour and time alike unheeded;
Mole after mole stretch'd o'er the wave—
Each tier a nearer prospect gave
Of Scotland's coast. But WOMAN's skill
Began to work the Giant ill:
His granddame, an old envious crone,
Saw his success with many a groan—
For she, upon the Scottish maid
Look'd with an evil eye, afraid
That she would by some charm or wile
Tempt him to leave green Erin's isle,
Forsake his friends, his home, his throne,
And make the Scottish land his own.
With necromantic art she tried,
And raised the Spirit of the tide,
Who sternly vow'd that he would not
Allow the foot of any Scot
To make a causeway of his breast,
Or Giant keep him from his rest,
By breaking stones like any cotter,
Thus keeping ocean in hot water,
No more he'd wink at what was doing—
He'd countenance no such wild wooing;
For very much it hurt his pride,
That Fin Mac Cool should seek a bride
In other lands: 'twould cast a shade
For ever o'er each Irish maid:
Strangers would say, "Why did he roam,
If beauty could be found at home?"

Thus, lash'd to foam, wild Ocean raged,
Nor could his fury be assuaged:
So war commenced. The Giant still
Wrought on by day—but all his skill
Was spent in vain, for every night
His work was spoil'd by Ocean's spite;
And Fin Mac Cool, worn out and cross'd,
Died, when he found LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

Banqueting-hall, Dunluce.

The legend adds—the false old hag,
 Whilst scrambling up big Stooan's crag,
 Was turn'd to stone; and to this day
 Is seen o'erlooking the CAUSEWAY.

THE BANQUETTING-HALL, DUNLUCE.

FROM THE SAME.

The halls of Dunluce are all joyous to night,
 The feast is prepared, and the lamps burning bright;
 The flag of the chieftain floats proudly around,
 The sweet-swelling notes of the wild harp resound;
 The barons are met in their courtly array,
 The ladies are smiling all brightly and gay;
 The sea roars below, and the winds howl above—
 But within all is laughter, and music, and love:
 Oh, let it roll on, and let deep to deep call,
 'Twill not check the gay mirth of the Banqueting-hall.
 The harper, being cheer'd by full many a smile,
 Told how the young chief went to Raherry's Isle,
 To woo the fair maiden of Ushet,* and grace
 The halls of Dunluce with her beautiful face:
 And his harp and his voice blended sweetly, as thus
 He sang the Boat-Song of the Lord of Dunluce:

BOAT-SONG.

"Oh, haste, my little bark, haste o'er
 The gentle waters blue;
 And bear me unto Raherry shore,
 T'my Island Maiden true;
 Tho' quick before the breeze you glide,
 With streamer floating high,
 My fond, impatient heart doth chide
 Each moment with a sigh;
 Then haste, oh, haste, my little bark,
 O'er waves why longer roam?
 Let's reach that calm, that peaceful ark,
 My Island Maiden's home.
 "Oh, haste, my little bark, along
 The now unruffled sea,
 And let a lover's tender song
 Add speedy oars to thee:
 Glide swiftly to the quiet cove,
 Near to the yellow sand,
 That I may meet my Island Love,
 Who waits me on the strand;
 That I may hear her soft voice say,
 'My love! my love is come!'
 Oh, haste to Ushet Point away,
 My Island Maiden's home!"

But hark to that shout—to that agonized scream!
 Is it real—or but the wild sounds of a dream?
 Is 't the cry of the sea-fowl upon the rude wave?
 Or the sigh of the storm, howling thro' the dark cave?
 Ah, no—'tis the wild voice of horror and fright,
 That breaks on the ears of th' revellers at night—

* A point on the Island of Raherry.